

Phillips Phonograph.

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The PHONOGRAPH

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O. M. MOORE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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Poetry.

WHY?

BY LIZZIE.

Oh, why should the heart be weary
In this glorious world of ours?
Why gather the thorns by the wayside,
Unheeding the beautiful flowers?
Why cherish life's sorrows so closely
That we see not the blessings around?
Why weep, though the storm gather o'er us,
When we know there is sunlight beyond?

Why seek for the fairest garlands
That bloom where our feet may not go?
And crush, in our selfish yearnings
Sweet flowers that lie scattered below?
When we know that "Our Father" leads us,
That His will will be surely done:
And the joys that are best for our hearts to know
He will give to us, every one.

That not one gift will His hand withhold,
That is best for us here below;
And though oft in our blindness the way
Looks dark,
Would we reap, we in faith must sow;
And in trust accept from His hand of love,
Life's showers, with the sunlight fair:
And faint not, though heavy the cross He sends
If the crown we at last would wear.

Then why should our hearts be weary,
When a promise so sweet has been given?
And why should we droop in our onward way
If it leads to a rest in Heaven?
Though into each life some rain must fall,
And the sunlight grow cold and dim,
We will trust in the "Giver of every gift",
And in faith leave all with Him.

JAY HILL, June 29th, 1879.

Original Matters.

Fourth of July and so Forth.

MOSTLY AND SO FORTH.

A refreshing shower Thursday night in this vicinity laid the dust and cooled the atmosphere for the Glorious Forth, and the morning of that national holiday opened cloudy, cool and still. Cannon, bells, horns and fire-crackers were all engaged elsewhere, and a Sabbath hush brooded over Phillips. The first break of day started many of our citizens and citizenesses on their way to Rangeley, where it was proposed to celebrate.

THE DAY AT RANGELEY.

Nothing of importance greeted the voyagers till topping the hill that overlooked the "city" of Rangeley, when a goodly crowd of people were seen congregated in front of the Rangeley Lake House, where the band was discoursing some of its best selections. The peanut and candy stand came in for a fair share of the celebration, and the vender of hard cider in an unoccupied building gave some more of a "programme" than appeared on the bills. The ragmuffins appeared during the forenoon and were intensely amusing in their ridiculous costumes and grotesque manœuvres. This, with the frequent music of the band, and the dancing on the green by "Old Alf," made up the exercises of the forenoon, when dinner was provided by the two hotels, and all sat down to a jolly good lunch. A heavy wind in the afternoon prevented the boat race and excursion,

and a wrestling match was arranged to take place in the hall. Mr. Al. J. Goodwin of Phillips, and Mr. A. J. Haley, of Rangeley, were the contestants, and for size and build were well matched. Goodwin's superior strength and practice proved too much for Mr. Haley, and Goodwin won the match. Mr. Snowman, a powerfully built man, then challenged Mr. Goodwin, and it looked gloomy for our champion; but Al brought him down with a swinging trip, and declined to carry the contest further, preferring to divide the money, as he had been working hard with Haley, necessarily, and did not consider it a fair match for weight. The wrestling was fairly and pleasantly conducted, and was witnessed by a large crowd of both sexes.

In the evening the ball—the event of the day—occured at Burke's Hall, and was attended by a large and merry throng. Our Phillips Quadrille Band provided music, and the dance was prolonged till the small hours of morning, nothing occurring to mar its enjoyment. It was a very pleasant affair, and brought out many fair maids of Rangeley and surrounding towns.

DOWN THE LAKE.

After passing the night in comfortable quarters, provided by mine host Hinkley, quite a party took passage with Capt. C. W. Howard, on his pretty little steamer "Molly-Chunkamunk," down the lake some half-a-dozen miles to the Mountain View House, Henry T. Kimball, proprietor. Capt. Howard is a pleasant gentleman and understands a steam-boat like an open book, and all who go with him feel safely secure in his hands. We verily believe if his steamer should blow up in mid-lake, he would construct another from the pieces, and finish his trip not much behind time.

THE MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE.

This house is situated at the foot of the first of the great lakes, miles away from other habitations, save the pleasant cottages of Capt. Howard, and T. L. Page, Esq., and commands a fine view of the lakes and surrounding country. The house has a frontage of one hundred feet upon the lake, a piazza running the entire length, making a delightful promenade, and cool place for an afternoon *siesta* or to pass the time in reading during the warm hours of the day. Boats a plenty are provided for pleasure trips and fishing excursions upon the lake. The house will accommodate from 75 to 100 people, and is frequently tested to its utmost capacity by those seeking the sport and pleasure of a trip to this noted locality. Mr. Kimball is an agreeable landlord, looking well to the interests of his guests. From the Mountain View to the next lake, is a distance of one mile and a half, and is reached by a "carry" or path through the woods used by lumbermen in winter, and a carriage road for transportation of baggage from the upper lake to INDIAN ROCK.

Arriving at this famous place, we find the steamer "Oquossoc" at the wharf, and on invitation of Mr. C. T. Richardson, in charge of the Association Buildings, we are pleased to visit their two large houses and look about their pleasant rooms and conveniences. The first camp built here for the accommodation of fishermen, was constructed by Mr. Richardson some fifteen years since, and now stands, a low log cabin, near the water. The Oquossoc Angling Association located their house here, we believe in 1869, and employed Mr. R. to take charge. Their first camp was a long, well built structure, of hewn timber, having but one room its whole length. The house is now divided into two or three apartments, and is fronted by a piazza its whole length. The thermometer here indicated 66, and a cool breeze was wafted from the lake, as Mr. R. says, is most always the case, on the stillest of days. A large new house on a line with the old one, is of more modern build, and divided into numerous apartments, which are owned and occupied by various distinguished New York gentlemen. The house has nothing but a wood finish throughout, and is a neat and first class establishment for its purpose. A large hall occupies the attic, which will be used for the purpose of amusement. Several little

cottages are scattered about, for the convenience of the guides, cook-houses, &c., making quite a little village all remote from other civilization.

Now we three, the butcher, tinker and your servant, embark on the "Oquossoc," just such another steamer as the "Mollychunk," and glide quickly down the inlet out upon the waters where Cupsuptic and Mooselucmaguntic Lakes meet, catch a passing glimpse of Frye's Camp, pleasantly situated on a stony point, and rounding the point, pass Buckfield camp and land at "Soule's Camp," or the Moosemeguntic House.

The steamer "Oquossoc" makes a trip down the lake to "Middle Dam" every morning, returning at night, a distance of about ten miles, making one of the most beautiful excursions upon the whole of these famous waters. The boat is commanded by Capt. F. C. Barker, and Mr. Sam'l Clark is engineer. The young men have a thorough knowledge of their craft and the waters which they ply.

SOULE'S CAMP.

Mr. Soule has now two large houses, or "camps" as they are called, which will accommodate from 50 to 75 persons, and are furnished throughout in neat and comfortable manner. Nice chamber-sets grace the larger rooms, and cot beds the single rooms. Mr. and Mrs. Soule have spent most of their lives about the lakes, and are well prepared to understand the wants of tourists. From the front piazza a grand view is had down the lake for ten miles, and away into New Hampshire where Mount Washington looms up in the background. This seems to be the favored spot for fishermen, as it is situated near the intersection of Cupsuptic and the big lake, and at the outlet of Rangeley and Kennebago streams, where trout are always passing and repassing from one lake to another.

One day quite recently, Horace Blanchard, son of D. H. Blanchard, Esq., of Boston, captured a trout here weighing eight pounds plump, and at the same time Charles Soule took one weighing eight and one-fourth pounds.

On the register we find the following note by N. D. Sawin, Esq., of Boston.

"June 26, 1879—Awful tempest at Haynes Landing; lightning struck a tree about six rods north of Soule's camp. I went out after the tempest was over, and picked up slivers that were rent from the tree, five to eight feet long."

We visited the tree, and found one side completely stripped off from top to bottom, and splinters scattered in every direction.

NOTES ON THE HOMEWARD TRIP.

After a cold lunch here and bidding Mr. Soule good-bye, and receiving a cordial "come again," we crossed "Haines Carry," and came out again at the Mountain View House.

By permission of T. L. Page, Esq., and in company with Horace Blanchard, of Boston, "Cal" Pennock and H. R. Fuller, we visited the hatching house near Lake Point Cottage. A large quantity of trout and land-locked salmon had recently been turned out from here into the small brooks and inlets, though there were a few thousand left on their beds of gravel with just enough cool brook-water passing over them to propagate them. Everything here looked neat and clean and well adapted to the purpose. This industry must necessarily prove a fine thing in the interests of all who go to the lakes for the sport of catching these gamey fish, for while the myriads unmolested in the lakes pursue their natural method of spawning, millions more are hatched and cared for and scattered about where they will be protected till they grow to take the place of monster beauties now being taken from the lake waters.

Here we meet one of the characters of this region, Mr. "Cal" Pennock, a jolly fellow, well known to all who visit these waters. "Cal" takes a nipper occasionally, and we hear tell of a trip he took once alone in his boat to transport some baggage and bitters down the lake. To lighten his load he helped himself to the bitters, and as usual, got immensely elevated. After a serious struggle he succeeded in reaching his destination,

when his employers made comments upon his performance. One gentleman observed that Cal reminded him of a swallow skipping over the water—first one wing would dip, then another, and occasionally neither oar took water, when Cal brought up on his back in the bow of the boat. Cal observed that "perhaps they could 'swallow' all that, but he couldn't. He would have arrived there sooner, but he had tuckered the blamed old boat out before he got half way home!" Cal says there is more land to the acre about there than any where else, and the hard pan comes up to the second rail on the fence.

At four o'clock, learning that the steamer would not start on the return trip till six o'clock, we made a pedestrian match against time to the Rangeley Lake House—distance seven miles. With the beef-steak man we passed this road in something more than an hour's time, and were eating supper at the Greenvale House when the boat reached the city.

THE RANGELY LAKE HOUSE.

This is the largest and most "hotel-ish" house in the lake region, and is truly an attractive looking establishment. It is thoroughly finished and furnished throughout in a first-class manner, with all modern conveniences, and as is the case with every house we visited, has the best of water—cool and sparkling from some mountain spring. Their table is spread with the best of everything in its season; prices are reasonable, and it is a very pleasant place for a summer retreat or a day's visit.

THE GREENVALE HOUSE.

Situated at the head of Rangely Lake, this is the first public house reached after leaving Madrid, and Geo M. Esty, the proprietor, is a "hale fellow well met," as all, or nearly all who go to the lakes, can testify. We have noticed his pleasant house already to such an extent that we have almost started the shingles on the roof, and will merely copy an extract from the Kennebec Journal, undoubtedly contributed by one of his recent victims:

"The hotel accommodations about this region have greatly increased of late years, in order to meet the growing demand. Among the most popular houses here is the Greenvale House, located at the head of the Rangely Lake and kept by Mr. Geo. Esty. This is the first hotel you strike in going to the lakes by the Farmington route. The location is a good one for fishing or for those who wish to pass the summer in a cool and delightful spot. Mr Esty is a pleasant gentleman, he looks out personally for the comfort and enjoyment of his guests, and offers a table abundantly spread with excellent and well prepared fare."

THE CASCADES.

Across the road from the Greenvale House, is observed a sign indicating the direction to the cascades. One should not go to view this beautiful scene without first understanding that the first and smaller cascades are not the whole of the wonderful sight, but should press on till they come upon the scene in all its majesty. On either side the ledge rises to a height of nearly one hundred feet and almost perpendicular. Along one side of the gigantic canyon, and about half way up its enormous height runs a natural pathway jutting from the solid ledge where one may safely pass along, looking down upon the rushing leaping torrent beneath as it sparkles, seathes and foams on its rocky bed; now running along a pace in quiet pool, then bounding over the edge of some massive rock, or plunging down a steep decline, making a picture of rare beauty, sublime and enchanting. Here at certain seasons, brook trout are caught in countless numbers. Be sure to stop at the Greenvale House long enough to see these beautiful cascades.

After a hearty supper (at the conclusion of which H. R. went out humming "She's a daisy; she's a dumpling," &c.,) we hoisted sail for "over the hills and far away" to our home, voting to a man that our two days' celebration of the "4th" was one of the most enjoyable since the glorious "bird" was born.

The Temple Murder

A Part of the Mystery Solved.

FINDING OF THE BODY.

Coroner's Inquest and Verdict.

The body of Lewis M. Libby, who has been missing from his home in Temple since Saturday, the 28th day of June, was found Monday under circumstances hereinafter described.

Tuesday morning we visited the scene of the murder, and from there went to Farmington where we attended the inquest throughout.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE SCENE OF MURDER.

In the southern part of the town of Temple, and about one mile from the village proper, is a side-hill farm where the murdered man lived a hermit life in a small building formerly used as a corn-house. The only other buildings are two barns, on the lower side of the road. The house, or old homestead which formerly was here, was burned by an insane sister of the deceased a few years since. The hut or home of the hermit is a small affair, not much larger than 7×9, and situated about five rods from the road.

The cornfield where the man was last seen alive is below the road, and by the side of a clump of woods, which are between the cornfield and place where the body was found. From the cornfield to the place of finding the body is a distance of full thirty-rods, first down into a ravine, across an oat field, through the grass to the woods. Entering the woods by a now well beaten path, for a distance of five rods we come suddenly upon the spot.

WHERE HIS BODY WAS FOUND.

A low marshy place, where a large tree has been partially uprooted, and lies prostrate on the ground, leaving a space beneath scarce large enough for a man to crawl into, and filled with black, thick water, where a man must needs creep in on his belly and force himself beneath the water among roots and rotten wood in order to carry out the theory of suicide.

Here, after seven days of search, in which two or three hundred men were engaged, Deputy Sheriff Fraek Conant, of Temple, and two other gentlemen discovered the remains. In probing the dark mass beneath the roots of the fallen tree, their suspicion was aroused that the body was buried there, and procuring a hoe they removed the heavier stuff when the body rose to the surface.

THE MEDICAL EXAMINATION.

The body was taken to one of the barns, where it was laid upon a table and an examination made by Drs. Linscott, Warren, Dyer, Russell and Severy, of Farmington.

The body was then removed to the house of a brother, near by, where the funeral occurred at 1 o'clock, Tuesday.

Large numbers visited the scene of the tragedy Monday afternoon and Tuesday, and some were permitted to view the remains before the funeral. The body was clothed neatly, and with his whiskers and moustache unshorn, he lay in a natural position, showing no bruise to the looker-on save perhaps the skin was rubbed from the end of his nose. The face was almost completely black. The coroner's jury did not complete the inquest at the place of the tragedy, nor did the physicians make their report at the time

of the examination, but adjourned to the court-house, in Farmington, on Tuesday forenoon.

THE INQUEST.

At nine o'clock the court-house was filled with an anxious crowd, assembled to listen to the inquest. Coroner Tuck informed the crowd that the nature of the inquest was such that it was deemed best to have it held in private, and all were expunged from the hearing excepting those connected with the inquest as witnesses, &c., and representatives of the press.

E. F. Conant, Temple, Deputy Sheriff, was one of those who found body, time about one o'clock Monday, and place was described as above. John Dinsmore and Rufus were the other men with Conant. Mr. Rufus Dinsmore put his hoe beneath the tree, drew out some muck, appearing to be upon the body; then reaching again, appeared to strike something; tried to draw it from the water; worked for a minute or two, then gave the hoe to Mr. Conant; after a few attempts gave the hoe back to Mr. Dinsmore, who drew the body up till the head was visible; body was face downward; reached him with their hands and pulled him out. Water and mud probably three feet deep; thought body was lying upon face, beneath the tree, and at full length, might have been doubled up, had no coat on; did not purge at the mouth, but mouth was closed tightly; sleeves of shirt rolled up to elbow; appearance of face at the first was very natural; had not begun to change color; neck was purple; purple appearance across the throat, perhaps as wide as three fingers of man's hand; color did not extend down chest; arms were extended down his body, and perfectly limber, nothing in his hands. Eyes closed, should judge he entered the place feet first; head next to us when discovered; no effort had been made to conceal the place; body was down in the mud, and on removal of the mud the body rose.

John Dinsmore corroborated Mr. Conant's testimony, and said a man might get into the hole, but could not have buried himself in the mud; his countenance changed considerably after being taken out of the hole; the throat was of a reddish color; noticed no frothing at nose or mouth, nor bloody water.

Rufus Dinsmore, first touched body with hoe; got hold of body with hoe and brought it to the surface; probably two feet and a half of water and mud above the body; mostly mud and scarce any clear water on top; had to lift some to raise body from the bottom; body sunk again when let go; countenance white when first seen; neck purple and spotted; shirt collar unbuttoned.

John Dinsmore recalled, said body had pants and vest unbuttoned when discovered.

Dr. Small, foreman of the jury, went to the scene of tragedy this morning; place where found is 8X10 feet; 1½ to 2 feet deep; from water to roots, from 1 to 1½ feet; hole nearly covered by root of tree; dragged the hole for hat, but found none; saw Mr. Libby week ago Saturday morning; came to my house; thought he appeared excited. After discovery of the body, found in vest pocket 3 pieces of money; a watch was also taken from another pocket. Saturday he drove into my dooryard and I went to the door. He inquired if Chas. and Albion Russell had been there that morning. I told him no. He said they had agreed to meet there at 7 o'clock to be sworn. Said he and Chas. and Albion Russell had been appointed appraisers, and were to appraise some property that day. Asked me if I thought he was a fit man to appraise property. I knew of no reason why he was not. He then said "I am either an idiot or I am sick. There is something wrong about me and I don't know what it is," told him probably he was unwell, and he had better get out and come into the house. After he hitched his horse he said he would go down to the village and wait till the other two men came. Nothing further occurred to excite my suspicion that his mind was not right. Have seen him appear in this way before. A year ago last March he appeared thus. Frequently appeared excited and make queer expressions.

Lemuel H. Farmer, of Temple, last saw Mr. Libby about 11:30 Saturday, appraising property at my house. Think I saw something unusual in his manner. He asked me if I thought any one was going to mob him. I told him no one in our town would hurt him. He said he was either insane or they were going to mob him for his money. I told Albion Russell that I thought Mr. Libby was not exactly right. I requested that if he was not competent to do business that he be not sworn as appraiser. In appraising he was rather

sober and still. I mentioned that he seemed rather used up. Went through the appraisal, and saw nothing out of the way in the appraisal. Was at his house Sunday forenoon after his disappearance; requested Levi Howe to stay there. Howe represented that Libby was crazy, and had gone off with his rifle; door of house had been unlocked Sunday morning, but it was locked in return of Mr. Farmer, who had been away for help. Mr. Howe was not there on my return, nor any other person. Found Mr. Howe at his house. Was up stairs in bed. Said he had been broke of his rent—had not slept much the night before. My brother and son soon came in with wallet, money and keys. We then went back to corn-field, and then into woods. Went back and found Mr. Howe again, asked him to go to Libby's with us. He spoke of being worried, and his wife said they had not slept any the night before, because being worried about Mr. Libby. I wanted him to go up as I desired to go into the house where Mr. L. had lived. Asked him if we could get in. He thought he had some keys that we could get in with, but didn't know certain. He went up with us, and let us in. No disturbance was found in the shop. A pocket book and account book open, and a pistol laid on the work-bench; there was a trunk there where he kept his papers, but it was not open. Asked Mr. Howe if he had been there that morning.—Said he had not been in. Howe said Mr. Libby offered him \$16.00 Saturday. I asked him if he had let him have it. Howe said no, and his wife said yes. Then she recanted.

I discovered Sunday a trail leading through the grass; track led to the swamp, and we followed it within a few rods of the place where he was found. Track was probably made that morning by one person.

John Farmer, of Wilton, went into corn-field Sunday and saw a track. I was looking for rough play; discovered his wallet; picked it up and opened it; found a \$50, \$20 and \$10 bills, and other small bills—in all \$88.25. Near the wallet was some \$4.00 in silver scattered upon the ground, together with keys. Saw track across corn-field made that morning. Saw Lewis Howe and asked him if he had been down to the corn-field that day, and he said he had. Asked him if he saw any money there, and he said he didn't. I told him we had seen a man's track there, and had found money. Rained hard Saturday night. Pocket-book was wet on the outside but dry inside. Rained also Sunday before pocket-book was found.

Chas. E. Farmer, of Temple visited place with his uncle, John Farmer. His testimony simply corroborated the above. The keys found were for the house, one for the trunk, and another for the corn-barn. He asked Howe what time Libby went away and he said about half-past four o'clock.

Aaron Farmer, of Temple, testified that he saw Libby and Howe in the corn-field at about half past five o'clock.

Levi Howe, Temple.—I was at work for Lewis M. Libby, Saturday, June 28th, 1879. I was hoeing in the cornfield. Mr. Libby remained in the field till half-past four, or five o'clock. He went off into the woods right by the field. Before he left he asked me to hoe out what there was left there—told him I would; there were 2½ rows left to hoe out. The last he hoed was in next to last row—the lower end of row—I should think some four or five hills from the end. I mean next to last row cultivated. At the time he left I was hoeing in last half of third row, up toward the road. Mr. Libby said nothing else; took his hoe with him. After he left I hoed out that row and his row, and one more—hoed all that was cultivated. I remained about one hour after he left. Mr. Libby's pants were striped—kind of old; vest was an old one. He had on some low shoes and stockings, and straw hat on his head—most new. Don't know what he had in his pockets; don't know whether he had a revolver with him or not. He had not been at work in the field all the afternoon. It rained, about 3 o'clock. We went to the house when it rained. No one else was in the house, barn or field, that afternoon. Don't know that he got anything to drink at that time. We had no drink in the field. Neither of us went to the barn at that time. I went first to the field, long enough to hoe out half a row. After Mr. Libby came, he hoed about one-half an hour before he left. Don't know how much he hoed. He did not hoe all in one row. He hoed some, and then went out to see his potatoes; he did things which made me think he was not in his right mind. He hoed in different places. In the morning he told me he felt as though there was a man after him. After that he looked around—kind of

wild—and was watching all day long. He said nothing else. Did not say what man he thought was after him. He got dinner as usual that day. Don't know what clothing he had at his house. Saw his overcoat, pants, waistcoat and shirt hanging up. Do not know how many trunks he had. Know of two—one was a large one—2½ feet high and 2½ wide, and 3 long perhaps. Those were all the trunks I saw. I was in the habit of working for him, took dinner and supper there; quit work about 6 o'clock Saturday night. I did not go there to supper that night because I didn't hear him hallow; did not notice any money in the corn-field. I did not look for him after I left. Don't recollect of seeing any one on my way home but Warren Farmer. Got home about six. Went up on my land to fix the fence; took an axe to fix it with; worked there some fifteen minutes, then went from there right round through an old road in Libby's woods, and out to the main road at the first bars towards Alpheus Hodgkins, north of Libby's. Went up there to see if he was not hoeing on the other piece. Went there, and he was not there, and nothing to indicate he had been there; did not go to the piece that day where we had been hoeing; did not go to the house at that time. Saw Mr. Chandler on road to Mr. Libby's. Got home before dark, about 8. No one at my house but my wife. I went to the village that night, about 8. I went to see if Mr. Libby was hoeing on the other piece, because he had acted rather wild and strangely, and I did not know but he might be there to work; did not mention at store that he had gone off, nor about his appearing strangely, nor did I mention it that night, only to my wife. Stayed at store ten minutes, then went home. Did not go out again that night. In the morning I milked and went over there at seven o'clock; went up the road, went up to his house and found it locked, went home again. Did not go any where else; saw no one on going back; got back about 7:30. Went home and got a line written, and carried it up to Nelson's, in about 10 minutes after getting home.

THE LETTER.

"Does Lewis always have his right mind? I was at work for him yesterday and he acted as though he was a little out of his right mind, and about half past four he left me a hoeing and went into the woods; and he did not come out till I left, so I went over to his house this morning to see if he was there, and I think by the way his horse acts that he hasn't been there since."

My wife wrote the line. I gave it to Nelson Libby. Nelson and others went over to Lewis Libby's house. He went away then, and I remained there waiting for others to come. Several persons came. Lemuel Farmer wanted me to stay and look for Mr. Libby. He went to Nelson's; I went out in the field to call for him. Did not go into the woods. Saw no money nor wallet in the field that morning. No one there when I again left for home. Went home because it rained hard. Did not want to get all wet up. Was there again that day about 4 in the afternoon, to look round after Mr. Libby. With others I went into the house. I had a key there that fitted the door—the key to my house. Walter and Simon Cushman were at my house Friday. They lived, one (Walter) in Weld or edge of Carthage, and the other in Gorbam; they are related to me. They were up to Mr. Libby's Friday. They went off Saturday morning—home. I got up Sunday morning about 5, milked cow, and ate breakfast, and did not go anywhere else till about 7, when I went up to Mr. Libby's. Went to bed Saturday night and had a good night's sleep—mildling. Had no key with me when I first went to Mr. L's. Did not hoe the hills where the wallet was found. Have never told any one that I did not sleep any that Saturday night. I took dinner with Mr. L. that day, and he ate as well as usual. Had potatoes, flour-bread, no meat, cold water; had no drink in the field. Mr. L. did not let me have any money that Saturday, nor did he say anything about it. Didn't see any cider in his barn. I worked there Friday and Saturday that week. Saw no cider there either day; know of no one coming there after cider. He made cider last fall; don't know what he did with it or where he kept it. Have been under barn floor in the largest barn—about a month ago; and in barn cellar last week, to feed his horse. Have not told any one that Mr. Libby gave me money Saturday. Did not tell Lemuel Farmer that Mr. L. offered me \$16 that day. Shoes he had on were low, red-leather shoes. Had his sleeves rolled up when he left the field. He usually kept his sleeves rolled up when it was warm, in the field. Howe first said he did not tell his wife to write the note; then he contradicted it and said he was thinking of something else. Did not have any key with me the second time I went to Libby's, Sunday.

Dr. P. Dyer, of Farmington, sworn,

testified, am a physician and surgeon, 33 years in practice, graduated at Bowdoin, was present at a post-mortem examination of the body of Lewis M. Libby. The autopsy was made by Dr. Warren. When I first saw the body it was lying by the side of the cavern from which it was said to have been taken. It was smeared with mud, the hair dishevelled, and partly covering the face. I first examined with reference to fractures of the skull—found none. I then raised the whiskers and looked at the throat. Found considerably discoloration about the throat. The body was then removed to the barn. There the head and face were stripped and washed, and a thorough examination for external wounds was made. The same discoloration about the throat was visible, and some discoloration of portions of the chest. The countenance was white and rather sunken. The eyes closed, which upon opening presented a pinkish color. There was no bloating of any portion of the body or limbs so far as I could discover. The hair was next removed by Dr. Warren, and examination of the scalp made; only wound I discovered was at right lower portion of head just behind right ear, a spot perhaps two inches in diameter, presenting a bruised or purple appearance. It is exceedingly difficult to determine whether this appearance was caused by a blow before death or after. Beneath the scalp the blood had set, and scalp was not so firmly attached to skull at this point. The opening of the abdominal cavity showed the abdomen was flat as also was the chest. The lungs presented a collapsed appearance, so much so that it failed to fill the cavities or the chest, considerably congested, the result of decomposition of blood and tissue they contained. Heart presented a healthy appearance, contained some blood in a fluid state. Next removed top of skull, exposing brain. The brain as far as could be seen presented no unusual appearance, neither did the membranes covering the brain; but on removing the brain from the skull, at the right lower portion, at a point corresponding with the bruise or purple spot upon the outside, evidently exhibited marks of violence—that is to say, at the point in question the blood was settled, and showed a ruptured blood vessel. The wound was immediately over a seam of the skull. (Witness produced a portion of the skull, this exceedingly thick at this point, considerable thicker than common, and it was my judgment that this seam had been started, the seam constituting the internal plate of the skull. No water or mud was seen on the brain or the cranial organs. The body presented none of the appearances which I should expect if death had come by drowning. I am confident that this man did not die by drowning. The appearance of the brain, in my opinion, could not be caused after death. I do not think the fracture of the skull would produce death, but might secondarily. Concussion of the brain might have caused the death. My opinion (if I have one, and I think I have) is that the man died by suffocation. This opinion is formed from the general appearance and from the condition of the cranial organs and from the absence of any well-marked cause of death. Suffocation could not have been caused by being plunged into the mud, from the fact that I am confident the body was dead when it went in there. A blow to the head of an ordinary skull, such as was evidently given to this one, would have crushed it in. The stomach was placed in a glass jar and sent to Professor Carminchael, of Bowdoin College, requesting a careful analysis. We did not open it. Probably, if drowned, the stomach would contain more or less water.

Dr. S. P. Warren, of Farmington, made post mortem examination. Beneath the reddened skin of the neck, the flesh was bloated or congested. The brain was unusually congested. It was the doctor's opinion that he died of suffocation. The bloating of the neck was caused by violence during life. Dr. corroborated the testimony of Dr. Dyer.

Dr. J. B. Linscott, of Farmington, was present at the examination of the body of Mr. Libby. My testimony corroborates that of Drs. Dyer and Warren. I noticed but one thing different from their testimony, an abrasion on the nose. I think this abrasion of the neck was caused by external violence before death. Suffocation was cause of death. Thought there was an unusual amount of congestion of the brain.

Dr. F. H. Russell, of Farmington, attended post mortem examination. Dr. Russell noticed the expression of the countenance. The brows were corrugated, and it did not have a pleasant appearance of expression. Expression would not indicate that he died by drowning. Agreed with opinion of other physicians. The face, hands and feet of a person drowned are very much bloated or congested, and have a bluish or gray appearance or color. The abdomen and chest would also be bloated as well as the entire surface of the body. Lungs are generally and filled the entire cavity of the chest. Blood usually cherry red. This was black.

Mrs. Sarah E. Savage, of Temple, near the mill, next house above Levi Howe's, saw him last Sunday at about 5 o'clock. Saw him going by her house. He came down road by Jas. Libby's. Got up as the clock struck 5; went into kitchen after being dressed, and looked from the window; saw Levi Howe going by. Still in the house. Mr. Howe, husband of the former witness. Saw Levi Howe Sunday morning June 29th, at a little after five o'clock. Came down by my house from road leading past Nelson Libby's. Rained a little at the time. He was going by at half-past four; laid that morning till clock struck 5. Got right up then; put on my clothes and went to window. Saw Howe going by.

Mrs. Emily A. Howe, wife of Levi Howe, was at home last Sunday at about 5 o'clock. Husband got home that night about 6:30. Brought her with him; ate supper, then went to fix fence; started about 7 o'clock. Gone about ¼ or ½ of an hour; went to store a few moments after coming back; was at home and occupied same bed still when she got up about 5 o'clock Sunday morning; did not go away that morning till 7 o'clock; was gone about ¼ of an hour. I wrote a note for him when he returned, a few moments after he came back, by his request. Mr. L. did not let me see the note. He had about \$16, but said that morning (Saturday) he did not feel like doing business, and Levi said it was no matter then. Mr. Howe slept Saturday night as well as usual.

Charles Hodgkins went up to Lewis Libby's week or so last Sunday at about 11 o'clock. Stepped one step into the house, as the door was unlocked. Saw wet tracks on the floor, made by a person going in and out. I shut the door and went back home. Had not then heard of the missing. Went up to see Mr. L.; then went directly home.

Coroner Tuck announced that the testimony, was all in and the jury retired, those present throughout the proceedings confidently expecting them to return in a few minutes with a verdict of murder.

After two hours deliberation, they stood three for murder and three for suicide, but soon after all but one signed a verdict as follows:

THE VERDICT.

*** Lewis M. Libby came to his death the 28th day of June, 1879, by violence at the hand of some person or persons to us unknown.

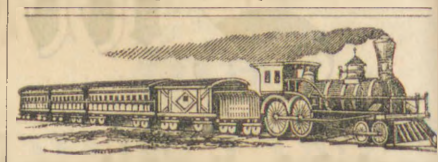
A. T. Tuck, Coroner,
S. T. Small, foreman.

John Mitchell,
Joel Chandler,
Win. Hodgkins,
A. P. Russell.

Mr. Joseph P. Tuck was the member who did not sign the verdict.

THE PHONOGRAPH

Phillips, Franklin Co., Me.
Saturday, July 12, 1879.



O. M. MOORE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

The Temple Murder.

We think the evidence of murder is very conclusive, and suspicion must necessarily rest upon Howe, who has crossed himself repeatedly. No one thinks him capable of having committed the deed alone, but with accomplices.

LEVI HOWE.

Levi Howe, the man who was at work for Mr. Libby and who last saw him, is a man about 36 years of age, of light build, and his appearance is made peculiar by a hair-lip. The split in his lip extends up into the right nostril, and takes away nearly or quite one-third of the lip. He has an impediment in his speech and seems to labor hard upon the stand to tell his story. Rather nervous in appearance, naturally, we should say, and his voice is so monotonous that it is almost impossible to get his words and meaning. Not up to par probably, for intellect, yet his appearance does not indicate anything vicious.

His wife has not a pleasing countenance, but rather spiteful, we should say. She was very positive and precise upon the stand, and had an eye for all that was passing.

The last economical legislature having abolished provisions for working up such cases, there is no provision for this case, and it is desired that as one matter to aid in ferreting out the truth of this matter, that all who have had dealings with Mr. Libby recently, either in paying him, or receiving from him, money, of any amount, will communicate with Deputy Sheriff E. F. Conant, of Temple. We trust no stone will be left unturned, and the perpetrators of the dark deed speedily brought to justice.

—The Patrons' celebration at No. Farmington, proved a decided success. The north part of the county was not so fully represented as it was hoped it would be, but the granges from the south part sent a full delegation, and everyone seemed to enjoy the day very much. The programme was fully carried out as follows: 9 A.M. a company of travelers from some other world passed through the streets, causing no little amusement. At 10, the procession was formed, headed by the West Farmington Band, and under the direction of Bro. Adams, Deputy Master of Franklin Co., and Bro. Smith, Master of the North Farmington Grange, the procession was formed from the representatives of the various granges in the order in which they were organized, marched to the grove. After music by the Band, prayer was offered by Camp-meeting John Allen; followed by music and a short but very appropriate essay by Bro. R. L. Thompson, of Jay Bridge. Remarks were then made by Rev. P. E. Norton of Farmington, and Camp-meeting John Allen. The company then adjourned to lighten the heavy-laden table, which was well attended to. The afternoon was devoted to an Oration, by Worthy Master Thing, of the State Grange. This was well prepared and delivered, and listened to with much interest by all. Several other speeches were then rendered, when the procession was re-formed and marched back to the store, and dispersed, all feeling well satisfied with the day. It was the first celebration of the kind ever held in the county; but it will not be the last.

PATRON.

Mr. E. D. Prescott, of the Elmwood, started the first hotel at Rangeley Lake, some more than a year before any other.

MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE.

—AT OUTLET OF—

Rangeley Lake, Me.

H. T. Kimball, Prop'r.

The Mountain View House
Is located at the outlet of Rangeley Lake near the Steamboat Landing, and in close proximity to the best trout fishing in Maine—1½ miles from Indian Rock. Parties furnished with boats, or guides, at short notice, and at reasonable rates. *3m44

STRAY COLT.

Strayed from the pasture of the subscriber, in Avon, a four-year-old mare colt; color, bay, dark mane and tail, with star in forehead. Any one returning the same or giving information as to whereabouts will be amply rewarded.
JONATHAN IRISH, Avon, 414

Local Matters.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

PHILLIPS.

Methodist.—Rev. E. W. Simons, Pastor. Services every two weeks. Next service, July 20. Sabbath School held at noon, every Sunday. Services at West Phillips, once in two weeks, at 4 p. m. Next service, same day as above. Services in Weld every two weeks; next service, July 13th.

Universalist.—Rev. O. H. Johnson, Pastor; services at Union Church every four weeks. Next service, Sunday, Aug. 3, 1879. Sabbath School at close of afternoon service, each week.

Baptist.—Rev. Chas. Woodcock, Pastor. Services in Union Church every two weeks. Next service, Sunday, July 13. Sabbath School at noon, every week.

STRONG.

Methodist.—Rev. George L. Burbank, Pastor. Sabbath school at 11.45 A. M. Preaching at 1 p. m. Preaching at Freeman Centre every other Sabbath, at 10.30 A. M.

Congregationalist.—Rev. J. L. Pratt, Pastor. Open every Sabbath. Bible services at 11 A. M. Preaching service at 1 p. m. Prayer meeting at 6 o'clock p. m. Conference meeting Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock.

WELD.

Free Baptist.—C. W. Purlington, Pastor. Services in Union house, every other Sabbath, at 1 o'clock p. m. Next service, July 20. Sabbath School at noon. Prayer meeting at 6.30 p. m.

RANGELEY.

Congregationalist.—Rev. J. B. Wheelwright, Pastor. Services every Sabbath, at 11:00 a. m. and 3 p. m. Sabbath School at noon.

MASONIC.

Blue Mountain Lodge, of Free and Accepted Masons, No. 67, Phillips, Me. Stated Meeting at Masonic Hall, the Wednesday evening of the week in which the moon fulls. A full attendance is respectfully requested.

P. of H.

North Franklin Grange, meets at Phillips upper village, two evenings of each month. Next meeting Saturday evening, 12th inst.

—The hay fever is here.

—Haying is fairly commenced.

—Mr. A. T. Toothaker, at Rangeley, has a fine looking residence.

—Some people still have a Barron idea that Libby committed suicide.

—Ross Morrow, of the Chronicle office, has been among us for a few days.

—Most of our paper is this week devoted to the all-absorbing topic—the Temple murder.

—Nothing occurred in Phillips last Friday to mar the perfect Sabbath stillness of the day.

—Two London insurance companies publish a joint statement among our advertisements to-day.

—Rev. C. Purlington, of Fairfield, Universalist clergyman, will preach at Salem, next Sunday, 13th.

—Capt. Robinson last week sold a nice chamber set to parties in Weld, who had been both to Farmington and Wilton to get prices.

—We were pleased with a visit, Thursday, from the Rev. Mr. Sprague, who represents the "New Religion," published in Norway.

—While attending the inquest, we had the pleasure of meeting James B. Severy, Esq., Jos. C. Holman, Esq., and Dr. S. P. Warren.

—The advertisement of the Mountain View House may be found in another column. A notice of the house appears on the first page.

—Luther Nile, Esq., of Rangeley, is constructing a barn, size 45X65 feet, in addition to some half-dozen other large barns now upon his farm.

—Senator Morrison is about completing a fine large barn, 40X80 feet, with a cellar under the whole. This is the next largest building in the town of Phillips.

—Mr. B. F. Hayden publishes an announcement in another column, which will be easy to find, and so will his store, which is to be one of the most attractive in the village, at No. 2 Beal block.

—The stone masons have finished the railroad pier on the east side of the river, and have now commenced upon the other and last one on this side. The stone has to be transported around through the village.

—In our recent trip to Rangeley, we were pleased to meet a Phillips boy who seems to be doing nicely in his new home at Rangeley—Mr. Henry Dill. Mr. Dill has just finished the construction of a new house, having done all the work himself.

—A gentleman in Augusta who has been troubled by crows pulling up his corn, tells of a way to exterminate them: He made a preparation of arsenic in which he soaked some corn and scattered it about his field. Next morning he found 17 dead crows in the field.

—The following are the arrivals at the Elmwood House for the past week: Mrs. P. F. Bonney and family, from Cambridge, Mass. (gone into summer quarters at the residence of Mrs. Marston); Mr. W. P. Redfield and family, making a stay at the Elmwood; Mr. D. S. Jones and family, and Miss Minnie Snow of Cambridge. (at Mrs. Marstons); Miss Hattie A. Crosby, of Gloucester, Mass.; and Comical Brown's troupe.

—Parties desiring extra copies of the PHONOGRAPH, can be supplied at this office, at 3 cts. per copy.

—While Mr. George Holley of No. Farmington, was mowing with a pair of horses last week, his horses became frightened and run with the machine, which struck a rock and was nearly ruined—breaking the gear-wheel in two—the drive-wheel being spoiled, and the frame ruined. Mr. Holley narrowly escaped personal injury, one wheel striking him with such force as to break the crystal of his watch. The horses were not injured.

—Comical Brown, with an excellent soprano and basso, appeared at Lambert hall Thursday evening, to a fair audience, though mostly composed of youngsters. His entertainment was one of his best, the singing of a superior order, instrumental music fine, and the comic delineations kept all in a roar of laughter. We verily believe Brown improves with age, for when we first saw him we thought him not much more than non compos. It was a good entertainment.

—Our village schools have again closed. Miss Beal's school-room was beautifully trimmed with evergreens and flowers, and closing Thursday forenoon, held a picnic in the grove in the afternoon. The committee speak in highest terms, of commendation of Miss Beal's success as a teacher, considering her school a perfect success in every particular. Miss Phinney is also all that is wanted in her particular branch of teaching, and our town may well be proud of its teachers.

SALEM.—Our correspondent (Lucy) writes: A shower passed over this place the 27th ult., accompanied with wind and hail. There were hailstones picked up on the farm of Wm. E. Dolbier nearly as large as a hen's egg.... The farmers have been very busy shearing sheep, of late.... Crops are doing well; and so are the potato bugs.... Mrs. Charles Peabody, of Freeman, was stricken down with paralysis, June 22d. Dr. Bennett of New Portland, is attending her; and at last accounts she was doing well.

—The concert given by the Universalist Sabbath School, last Sabbath, was a very enjoyable affair, and reflected much credit upon the participants. The singing was excellent, and several recitations and declamations were agreeably presented. The church was beautifully adorned with pictures and flowers, and old and young apparently enjoyed the occasion. We hope this and other churches may keep up a series of concerts, at least once a month, and we've no doubt a lasting benefit to all would be derived from such a course.

LIVERMORE FALLS.—The farmers in this section are getting anxious about the weather. Too wet for laying and this is the time nearly all were commencing. I forgot to mention in my last that the apple crop is quite promising. The frost did not injure it, and there seems to be no insect-plague to destroy it.... The 4th was observed in a very quiet manner, judging from the sacred stillness that prevailed. Not a drum was heard, nor a musket shot.... The schools are enjoying a vacation of a few weeks.... Among business men the talk is that business is gradually growing better, and there is an increasing demand for labor. The leather board and box-factories are running to their utmost capacity and no branch of industry seems to languish. W. H.

CELEBRATION AT WELD.—Upon rather short notice the citizens of Weld concluded to prepare a 4th of July celebration. Arrangements were made for fantasies, oration, various games, social dance and fire works. The fantasies paraded the streets at half past eight, led by the band. Their character was true to their name, and really caused much sport for the children and lovers of the ludicrous. At about ten o'clock a procession was formed at the village headed by the band, marching to a grove about a quarter of a mile distant. Failing to secure an orator, brief speeches, interspersed with music by the band, were made by the following clergymen, D. D. Lappan, C. W. Purlington, E. W. Simonds and A. L. Houghton. The speeches were timely, appropriate and interesting. A basket dinner was there furnished by many of the friends in the village and vicinity. At one o'clock people reassembled to witness the various feats and games on the programme for the day. First, was a walking match, distance 1 mile, best time, 10m. 5sec., won by Fred H. Houghton. Second, sack race, won by Frank C. Dolby. Third, foot race—100 yds.—won by Geo. L. Houghton. A social dance in the grove concluded the exercises for the afternoon. In the evening quite a crowd gathered to witness a fine display of fire works. We think the day passed very pleasantly. W.

Don't look at or read this, unless you wish to

SAVE MONEY!

I shall Open
Tuesday, July 15th,
At No. 2

BEAL BLOCK

New Stock & Goods

And at Prices

Lower than the Lowest,

CONSISTING OF

LADIE'S

Fancy Goods!

GENT'S

Furnishing Goods,

CLOCKS,

JEWELRY,

&c., &c.

I quote a few prices that you will see at once you can save money by buying goods for CASH.

Hosiery, from 5 cents apiece to 50.

Dress Braid, 5 cents apiece.

Machine Cottons, best, 5 cents a spool.

Common Cotton, 2 cents a spool.

Spool Silk, 8 cents a spool.

French Spool Cotton, 541 yds. 5 cts.

Ribbons, plain, 5 cents a yard.

Ribbons, 7 to 9 Grgrain, 10 cents.

A good Corset for 50 cents.

The best Corset for 1.00.

Lace Ties, from 20 cents to 1.00.

Worsteds, best, 14 cents per ounce.

Card Board as low as the lowest.

Buttons, from 1 cent per dozen to 50.

Ladies' Linen Collars and Cuffs cheap.

Linen Handkerchiefs, from 5 to 30 cts.

Silk Handkerchiefs, all prices.

Cord and Tassels.

Ruches, from 1 to 5 cents.

Ruches by the yard, all prices.

KID GLOVES.

A good 3 button Gbve, light, 50 cts.

Best Juvan Kid, dark, 1.00

Black Kids, all sizes.

CLOCK LIST.

A good Cottage Clock for 1.25.

A good Cottage Clock with alarm, 1.50.

Cottage Extra Strike, 2.25.

Cottage Extra Alarm, 2.50.

Valcan Clock for 3.50.

Sharp Gothic, 1 day, 2.75.

Sharp Gothic, 8 day, 3.50.

Cardinal, V. P, 3.50.

Beacon, 1 day strike, 3.00.

Paris, 8 day, 5.00.

Erice, 8 day strike, 3.87.

Cricket, Extra, 1.67.

Oxford, 8 day, 7.50.

These are prices lower than you ever saw them before.

Traveling Bags, 50 cents, 1.25 and 1.50—call and see them.

Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes.

Corn Brooms, very best, 10 cents.

Perfumes, Key Rings, Drinking Cups, Match Safes, Ladies' Back Combs, Boot Brushes, Razors, Ladie's Belts and many other articles at low prices FOR CASH.

Tobacco, Tobacco, TOBACCO.

I shall sell my celebrated brand, of which I have sold over 300 caddys at retail in Portland—at Portland prices—4 oz. plug, 10c.; 8 oz., 20 cts., making it only 40 cts. per pound.

Remember I sell these goods only for CASH.

I keep hundreds of articles I do not mention, and they shall always be as low as the lowest. Call and see goods and get prices before you buy.

B. F. HAYDEN,

NO. 2 BEAL BLOCK.

144

Phillips, Maine.

Imperial & Northern Insurance Co's.

OF LONDON.

Cash Assets, \$20,373,210.

ISSUE A JOINT POLICY.

United States Branch, "Imperial Buildings," 31 and 33 Pine St., New York.

R. D. ALLIGER, Resident Manager.

DAN'L C. OSMUN, Supt. of Agencies.

Imperial Fire Insurance Co.

OF LONDON. Organized 1803.

Northern Insurance Co.

OF LONDON, Organized 1836.

Statement of Condition, Dec. 31st, 1878.

Capital paid up in Cash,	\$3,500,000	Capital paid up in Cash,	\$750,000
Accumulations,	4,373,190	Accumulations,	11,750,030
Total Cash Assets,	\$7,873,190	Total Cash Assets,	\$12,500,030
LIABILITIES.		LIABILITIES.	
Unpaid losses and all other claims against Company,	\$709,551	Unpaid losses and all other claims against Company,	\$457,734
Necessary to reinsure outstd'g risks,	940,055	Necessary to reinsure Fire risks,	676,149
Capital paid in,	3,500,000	All other liabilities, except Capital, under the Life Ins. Dept.,	7,104,840
Surplus,	2,723,584	Capital paid in,	750,000
	\$7,873,190	Surplus,	3,611,497
			\$12,500,030

Subscribed Capital, for which subscribers are personally liable, not yet called in, \$4,500,000

Subscribed Capital, for which subscribers are personally liable, not yet called in, \$14,250,000

United States Branch.

Gross Assets,	\$899,037	Gross Assets,	\$671,910
LIABILITIES.		LIABILITIES.	
Unpaid losses and all other claims against Company,	\$24,021	Unpaid losses and all other claims against Company,	\$16,355
Necessary to reinsure outstd'g risks,	213,448	Necessary to reinsure outstd'g risks,	445,825
Surplus,	661,448	Surplus,	
	\$899,037		\$671,910
Amount of United States Government Bonds deposited in the various States for the protection of Policy Holders:			
New York (market value),	Imperial.	Northern.	
Ohio, " "	\$240,237	\$212,713	
Virginia, " "	129,750	107,187	
Oregon, " "	\$28,250	53,875	
Georgia, " "	53,438	26,156	
North Carolina, will be	26,719	26,156	
	10,000	10,000	
*Includes \$24,000 State Bonds; market value, \$21,500.			

JAS. MORRISON, Jr., Agent, Phillips, Me.

Z. H. GREENWOOD, Agent, Farmington Falls.

Ex-Soldiers, ATTENTION.

Pensions procured for all officers, soldiers and sailors of the late war, disabled in any way by wounds, injury, disease of any kind, or rupture, incurred while in the United States, Military or Navy service. The widows, children, fathers and mothers, of such soldiers and sailors whose death was caused by their service in the late war, ARE ALSO ENTITLED TO PENSION.

Soldiers of the war of 1812 and their widows are entitled to a pension, where 14 days service has been rendered.

Bounties due all SOLDIERS who enlisted for TWO or THREE years prior to December 15th, 1863, and who have NOT RECEIVED more than \$100 bounty, provided they were discharged for Wounds, Injury, End of Term, or Close of War. Widows, children and other heirs of deceased soldiers are also entitled to BOUNTY.

Colored soldiers and THEIR HEIRS are also entitled.

INCREASED PENSIONS are due to thousands of pensioners under recent acts of Congress.

Send to us for blanks and instructions. PAYMENT obtained for Property taken and used by the U. S. Army and for Horses lost in the Volunteer service. Officers accounts settled.

Rejected, Suspended, Barred and Restoration claims a specialty.

If you desire CORRECT INFORMATION relative to any class of claims, write to us, enclosing POSTAGE STAMPS, and you will receive a prompt reply.

Very respectfully,
RICHARD P. EVANS & CO.,
Attorneys at Law,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Please name the paper in which you saw this advertisement.

THE LARGEST, THE SIMPLEST, THE VERTICAL FEED SEWING MACHINE THE CHEAPEST

The New Vertical Feed Sewing Machine. Call and see it, at

W. F. FULLER'S,
No. 7 Beal Block, Phillips, Me.,
DEALER IN

Stoves, Tin and Hardware,
IRON, STEEL, &c.

Agent for Buckeye Mowing Machine, Bay State and Whitcomb Horse Rake.

Sandy River RR. Co.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Directors of said company have made an assessment of \$32.50 per share on the capital stock of said company, and have directed the same to be paid to James E. Thompson, its Treasurer, at his office in Phillips, Me., on or before Tuesday, the 22d day of July next.

JAMES E. THOMPSON,
Treasurer of Sandy River Railroad Co.
Phillips, June 14, 1879.

Better Than 4 Bonds

A chance to invest in Timber-lands in Mt. Abram Township; eight miles from the depot at the terminus of the Sandy River R. R., in Phillips; also plenty of manufactured Lumber, at resumption prices. Inquire of

J. F. PRESCOTT, Farmington, Me.

Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale his farm in West Phillips, containing about 80 acres; cuts 30 tons hay; good chance ready for crop this season. Farm well watered. About four miles from Phillips village, on good road. Farm adjoining farm of John Smith, Jr.

Address, JOHN A. MCKENNEY,
Phillips, Maine.

J. E. LADD.

Millwright and Machinist,

GARDINER, - - - MAINE.

AGENT for "Burnham's" Standard Turbine Water-wheel, also a large lot of 2d hand wheels, gears, &c., for sale lower than the lowest. Flour and gristmills a specialty. Send for prices before purchasing.

Dr. CHAS. R. COLE,

Homeopathic Physician.

Office over store of A. Toothaker & Co.; residence at Mr. Phinney's, upper village.

37 PHILLIPS, MAINE.

Make Hay while the SUN SHINES!

AND IN ORDER TO DO THIS, IT IS NECESSARY to have a good Mower. Such is

The New Warrior,

Acknowledged to be the best machine now in use. For Strength, Durability and Lightness of Draft it excels all others. We not only say, but we can prove, that it will cut more grass without grinding the scythe, and cut it easier, than any other mower in the market. Farmers will find it greatly to their advantage to call and examine

The Warrior

before buying.

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Boots and Shoes!

In addition to our large stock of

Dry & Fancy Goods,

CROCKERY, GROCERIES,

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we have a complete stock of

BOOTS, SHOES & SLIPPERS.

and are prepared to meet the wants of all in that direction.

Call and examine our NEW and INCREASED Stock. A. TOOTHAKER & CO.,
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Rangeley, Me.

E. Hinkley, : Propr.

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The Heart of the Wilderness!

and the end of the stage route from Farmington. Also the starting point for

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E. D. PRESCOTT, - - PROPRIETOR.

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R. R. Ties Wanted!

60,000

CEDAR TIES WANTED for the SANDY RIVER RAILROAD, for which CASH will be paid. Dimensions, 4 1/2 feet long, five inches thick, and not less than five inches face. The HEART OF HACKMATAUCK will also be taken. For further particulars, enquire of the Directors of said Company. By order of the Directors.

PHILIP H. STUBBS, Clerk.
April 12th, 1879.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

PHILLIPS AND MADRID, ME.

Office at Phillips open Saturdays. Office at Madrid open every evening. May be found balance of the time on my home farm.

Having retired from the Political field for the present, am prepared to attend strictly to business. A First Class Fire Insurance Agency will be carried on in both offices. Collections and Probate Practice a specialty. Business sent by mail to either Phillips or Madrid Post Office, will receive prompt attention.

SOULE, J. M., Phillips Grave Stone Manufacturer.

Selected Story.

TWO LUNATICS.

A LETTER TO BROTHER TOM.

When I left the Plainville train Tom, and I entered the hot, crowded waiting-room. I went at once to the ticket-master, and asked:

"How long shall I have to wait for the train to Mountain Ash station?"

"Six hours," answered that wooden man without a glimmer of natural emotion.

I know I groaned aloud as I turned to view the prospect o'er. The day was simply—Tophet—the waiting-room, as I remarked, was crowded, and with the most unpromising set of cross, elderly, countrified or travelling-agent-like tourists it was ever my misfortune to meet.

I wanted to take a walk, but my prophetic soles assured me that those pavements, radiating heat were no better than burning plowshares—only a martyr could be expected to enjoy such a promenade; the very grasshoppers in distant fields, chirped with a noise like sizzling. Upon this scene of anguish and gloom, enter the liveliest of strangers; his hat had been clapped on—no hat with such a cock could possibly have been straightened before a glass—his coat also looked hasty, and if a doubt remained that the young man was in a hurry, one glance at his movements would have dissipated it forever. He was looking anxiously through the crowd, and I was observing this unseemly energy with languid amusement, when suddenly I met his eye; and the most bewildering thrill went through me! His look meant recognition! not recognition only, but relief, secrecy, mystery, and heaven knows what beside!

I expected him to hail me as a sister at least, after that joyful glance; instead, he dropped into a seat and began a steady stare, which, for a moment, I returned as if fascinated.—Wasn't it shocking? Of course I changed my seat; I dived into the ladies' room; I drank potatoes of ice-water that would make a doctor faint with horror, in the hope of interrupting, at least, that unwinking gaze; but all in vain. Like the ancient mariner, he had fixed me with his glittering eye.

It is not at all clear what I might have done, if left to myself—but just at the critical moment a big nasty wasp came bumping in thro' the window and settled in my hair. I suppose he was entangled—at all events, he refused to leave. How I hate wasps. No doubt I acted like a lunatic—pranced about shaking my head and tearing my locks—and I caught sight of the man whom I had quite forgotten. He had risen to his feet, looking much excited—what happened next was as much my fault as the wasp's—I snatched my bag, rushed out of the door, still tearing my hair—and I ran down the street, as if I had been six years old, hotly pursued by the man—the wasp, still fast in my hair, doubtless much disgusted, and buzzing like ten thousand rolled into one. I don't think I knew what I was doing, until I found the broad Connecticut before me, the wasp free at last, and long since departed, and the dreadful man out of sight. I breathed once more. The river bank was very steep, quite a precipice, in fact. After I had cooled off a little under an old willow—for it was quite rural all around—I peeped over the brink, and there, twenty feet down, the river hurried along, cool, dim and tranquil, and great ferns waved at the base of the rocks, sending their sweet, damp smell into the hot air, so green and fresh, that I longed to drop down among them and spend the five long hours of waiting in a peaceful nap.

Half way down was a smooth wide ledge; I felt sure I could reach it, for I had not forgotten how I always followed you up apple-trees and over ridge-poles, in the day of our youth. I trusted to the foolish example of a misguiding elder brother, and blindly sought my own destruction.

Mine is an orthodox tale, and so of course the twig to which I trusted played me false, and I who began the descent with such propriety, suddenly threw cautions to the winds, went gaily and informally bowling down the slope, and landed smartly on the ledge at last, rather to my own surprise, for I fully expected to wind up with an impromptu bath in the river.

It wasn't so very bad—the drawback of the situation was that I had not the nerve to go back. I shook all over, and was rather bruised, too, if the truth must be told.

Chancing to open my eyes and look up there was the crazy man looking down! Without a word! I screamed in earnest, and for the first time he thought fit to speak.

"Don't be frightened. You fell down, I see. All right, sit still and

I'll come to you in a minute. Be sure to sit perfectly still." So saying he vanished, leaving me with my mouth wide open, and the scream so to speak, froze within it.

In two seconds or thereabouts, Mr. Madman appeared—where do you think? Wading through the water around a bend in the river. He came just below me and holding up his arms, cried, "Jump!" I believe I observed. "Go away!" He answered, scorning originality, "Jump, don't be afraid!" Then, seeing the need of further argument, he added, "I'm here to catch you." I didn't tell him that this reason powerfully dissuaded me from the step—or the jump—but I thought it. I said, however, "I can't. I won't. Oh, do go away!"

"Nonsense!" said he, very rudely. "Go away and leave you hanging up there like a stranded mermaid! How will you get down if I don't stay? Come, won't you?"

Then, seeing that I sat stock still and put my hands over my face—for really, I can't help remarking that I was frightened to death—he said, with a cool determination that froze my marrow, "Very well; if you won't come to me, I must go to you, that's all,"—a hint that I inhospitably answered with another scream.

No use; he climbed like a cat: he swung himself beside me and seized both hands. Of course I struggled wildly. The dreadful man then threw his arms around my shoulder, and all the time he was talking in the most soothing way, which didn't soothe me in the least, as you can well imagine. "Poor child!" I heard at last; Molly, Molly be still a minute. You don't know me. I'm Cousin Charlie."

This gave me a hope that I was mistaken after all and the man was no lunatic, but merely a blundering victim of myopia, who took me for somebody else. I turned on him fiercely and said, "You are right; I don't know you at all."

"Certainly not," he assented cheerfully. "Tis years since last we met, but I'm glad we've met again. Aren't you? What would you have done without a preserver, Miss Molly?—Your father telegraphed me this morning to meet and look after you. Considering this little adventure, it's well he did. Are you given to tumbling off hilltops, Cousin Molly?" He was clearly laughing at me! I grew frantic.

"My name's not Molly! You take me for somebody else. My father is dead—he couldn't have telegraphed you this morning—let me go, let me go!" I cried, wriggling like an eel. "You may have forgotten your name," he said, with great calmness. "You know you forgot to take a trunk this morning. Shall we go back and get it?"

I could only stare at him speechless.

"Come, we won't pretend any longer, Molly, that we don't know our name and our cousin, Charlie Thorne. Why should I be here, if you were not you, and I were not I?"

I may frankly say I didn't like his tone, which was in fact adapted to an intelligence of eight years or thereabout. Filled with rage I turned to him and said, loudly and distinctly—

"I don't know what you mean. My name, in the first place, is not Molly. It is Jemima Burnside. My father's name was Samuel Gaylord Burnside. I live in the city of Boston, and I am on my way to visit friends at Mountain Ash station. Here"—diving into my pocket—"is my handkerchief with my name on it—here's a letter from Tom, addressed to me," (providentially received this morning before I left Plainville). "Read it, read it if you don't believe me, and do let me go!"

I wrenched myself from a grasp that suddenly became nerveless. He stared at the letter under his nose as if its address was in Greek; he held the handkerchief I had thrust upon him, rigidly, as if turned to stone.

"I—I—oh, pray forgive me!" he stammered. "I can hardly believe you even now. What shall I say to explain to you?—the fact is—oh, Miss Burnside, it is really too bad that I should have to begin my apology by stating that I took you for a lunatic!"

Of course I stared and exclaimed, "Why, but I took you for a lunatic!" "What?" he cried, naively, "why should you take me for a lunatic? My uncle, Mr. Harris, telegraphed me—wait, here is the telegram," drawing a crumpled paper from his vest pocket, where it evidently had been thrust after reading. I read:

GATES STATION, June 10, 187-.
To Charles Thorne, 149 Main St., H.
Meet Molly at 10.30 train. She has lost her mind; wandered away this a. m., and took train for H. Wears gray dress and blue veil. Carries small bag. No luggage. Stop her, for God's sake.
J. G. HARRIS.

"You understand, don't you? The train was in—I had barely time to reach the station and there I saw you—the only one who could possibly be my poor cousin. I think you are wearing a gray dress and blue veil?"

You really look something like her," continued, regarding me.

"Thank you," I said promptly. "I was about to add that my cousin Mary is a raving belle—but you don't deserve it," he answered with outrageous impertinence. But it seemed by this time as if we were old friends, Tom,—you know one can't tumble off a cliff or climb stocking-footed up the same, and preserve any great formality of aspect.

"No, you are only too good not to allude more distinctly to that wasp at the station. I see it all now. No wonder you thought I was crazy."

"O—it was a wasp? Ah, yes."

Once more I didn't like his tone; I knew he was ridiculing my prejudice, but I can't help it.

"But you cousin?" I said, and he started as if I had fired off a cracker. Privately—between you and me—I believe he had forgotten her. He now made up for it, however, and looked to unhappy that I did all I could to help him get rid of me. He pulled and hoisted me up the rocks at last, and once on top so far forgot himself as to make jokes on my misfortune.

"Which do you prefer, Miss Burnside, the lightning express down the bank, or the accommodation back again?"

To this I coldly answered by a suggestion that he had better get his shoes before the licks and geese ate them up.

O, Tom, I must hurry. There is much more to tell, but I reserve it for another letter—unless I forget it. Mr Thorne knows our friends here—he came out and called on them last evening and said he would come again. Mr. Thorne's cousin is all right. She didn't come to H— at all, but was traced by a detective and brought home that same evening.

Greenvale House,

GEO. M. ESTY, Propr.

This is the first Hotel reached in the Lake region. Passengers for the Indian Rock, and all points on the Great Lake, can SAVE THREE MILES STAGING by taking the Steamer at this house.

Saddle Horses and Teams furnished for Kennebec Lake.

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GOOD TEAMS AS CHEAP

To Let, as the cheapest.

HORSE CLIPPING.—Those wishing their horses clipped, this Spring, can have it done at a reasonable price at the above stall.

13tf E. H. SHEPARD.

F. A. KIMBALL, M.D.,

Physician & Surgeon

Office in Beale Block,

Phillips, Maine.

Sam'l A. Blanchard,

C-U-S-T-O-M

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—REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.—

Rubbers, Rubber Boots,

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PHILLIPS, MAINE.

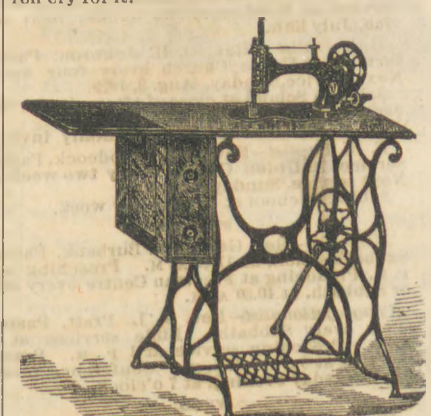
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